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"It Might Have Been."

It might have been." Ah, vain regret!
Through far-vanished scenes and hours,
To sing for visions of the past,
As children long for phantom flowers.
It might have been.' Ah, yes I know!
But, where's the sense in vain repining?
It's dross o' life is purer now,
Through goldest gold found in refining.

I might have been beside you, dear,
Through sunny days and showery weather
An I hoped you until the blossoming
And down life's path we walked together.
I might have been a queen, you know,
And you a king!—to sell my crowning—
Had Providence but willed it so,
And unification us, instead of drowning'

In summo precipuus, et Lares dispar,
Us wedden for more than you and me,
And oceans of seas, or vain regrets,
Can never change what is to be.
Ah well! perhaps 'tis better thus—
That both our paths lie far between,
So where's the sense, *mon chere ami,*
In sighing for what "might have been"

OLD JANET.

Old Janet!' It was an old nickname that I had given her, though we were children together, and she six weeks my senior. She was tender, proud, humble, all at once, and, more than all, she was regularly just.

"Mind now, Teddy, I will tell grandpapa!" she said one day, when, coming unexpectedly to the stables, she surprised me leading out Bess, the bay mare, preparatory to a ride into town. Bess was our grandfather's pet mare, and no person was allowed to mount her except by permission, as a gracious favor.

By this time I was mounted and riding out of the gate. But as I swept past her I looked back, and, pursing up my lips, sang out insultingly: "Toll-tale! tell-tale! Tell tales, if you dare!" and so cantered off. She did tell. I think that when I was punished, she suffered more than I did. For two days I would not speak to her, but I also moped about the house with red eyes and unkempt head. On the evening of the third day I was sitting in the dining-room window waiting for tea, when Janet stole up to me with a shy, hesitating air.

"Won't you forgive me, Teddy, dear?" she whispered. I made no answer, but sat resolutely gazing out of the window at the red and bronzed foliage tossed by the autumn winds.

"I am so sorry." A pair of quivering, wet lips were laid on my hand; a slender brown arm stole about my neck. "Please forgive me, Ted!"

"What are you sorry about?" I asked, shortly.

"O, Ted! I am so sorry because—because you are so angry; and I was so sorry to see you punished and grandpapa so angry. I would a thousand times rather have been punished in your stead. Please—please forgive me, Teddie—do!"

Tears were flowing plentifully, and she was wiping them with her ruffled muslin apron all in a mess.

"Well, then," I answered, mollified, "if you are really sorry, you just go without your supper to-night, as I did that night, and then I'll make it all up with you."

"Do I will you, truly? Dear Ted, how good you are! I am so glad! I wish you had asked something harder of me. But—won't you kiss me, Teddy—just once?"

"To-morrow," I answered, turning shortly away. "After it's all over I'll kiss you, if you want. But not to-night."

"Very well; *to-morrow, then!*" She took her little, wistful, tear-stained face off to the other side of the room, and sat penitently down by the fire. She sat there quietly while the bell rung and my grandfather and I took our places at the table. I had pictured her, in my mind, with a disgraced air going early, supperless to bed, and I was not prepared for this. Grandfather missed her. She always sat at his right hand, feeding out of his cup or plate, as the wilful fancy moved her, and he now peremptorily ordered her to her usual seat by his side.

"Not to-night, please, dear dada!" she pleaded, without stirring; and when he asked her what was the matter, went hurriedly on: "I am not to have any tea to-night. I don't really mind it. It's nothing—and Teddy's going to forgive me—and—he will kiss me in the morning—and we are always going to be good friends after this—always, forever——"

Then her voice broke, and, with a rush of tears, she was away from the room, up-stairs, to hide them out of sight.

"So, so! Master Theodore, that's it, is it?" My grandfather's sharp, needle-gun eyes seemed to shoot me through and through. "Little Janet is to be punished because she was honest enough to show you up in your faithlessness to me?"

I muttered something in reply not quite intelligible.

"Well, it won't hurt Janet, this discipline. I like to see the metal she's made of. But, as for you, sir, it strikes me that you have much more the air of culprit, sitting there eating your supper, than the little girl who is hiding her honest tears up-stairs in bed."

It was tough work. His look and words were hard to bear; but I sat it out, munching my bread with a defiant air, and afterward going out of the room with as much bravado as I could summon.

I kissed Janet next morning, and so we made up our difference; and pretty much in the same way we quarreled and kissed and made up again till I was eighteen years of age and sent away to school. By that time it was pretty well understood that grandfather designed us to be married as soon as my education was finished, and to inherit his property. I don't know that either of us thought much about it. My grandfather, watching his idol Janet closely, was satisfied, because he saw that she was happy. But sometimes, when my domineering temper overlopped even its ordinary exacting demands on Janet's sweet humility, he would shake his head and mutter foreboding of the "wild nature" which I had inherited from my ancestors.

I passed my first vacations abroad. One excuse after another I made, until two years were gone before I came home again. The welcome then was warm. My grandfather, whose hair had whitened wonderfully, leaned heavily on my arm as he walked up and down the room.

"You see I am changed, Ted; changed for the worse, in these two years. But, Janet—you think Janet's changed for the better; don't you, eh?" He looked anxiously in my face.

My only reply was to bend and kiss the exquisite dimples that lay like crumpled rose-leaves in her rounded cheek and chin. She flushed up splendidly, and drew slightly away. It was the first time I had known Janet shy, and it added a keener relish to my appreciation, somewhat supercilious, of her frank and generous country beauty. Grandfather smiled proudly.

"There's no girl like our Janet!" he said to me. "She was brought up by man—women don't train such girls—and she's got a man's courage, a man's will, and a man's sense of honor, added to a woman's tenderness. You are a happy man, Ted, to possess her."

I acquiesced, with inward supercilliousness, thinking my grandfather was getting childish in his old age. But I remembered it all afterward, and recognized his wisdom.

One day, late in the afternoon, I got my horse out, and, promising Janet that I would be gone but an hour, rode briskly away over the white, hard, winter ground. The cold air set my pulses bounding; the blood mounted to my head, and, singing furiously, I rode on and on. In the outskirts of the town I chanced to meet some acquaintances; among them Bert Harrison, a college chum, with his sister. They urged me to join them, and we rode into town. We had supper, and music, while Rosalind Harrison's beautiful eyes smilingly invited love into mine. I forgot my promise to Janet. The first red streaks of early dawn were visible over the eastern hills when I rode homeward. The touch of the cold, pine-scented air on my forehead was grateful.

The first sight that greeted my eyes as I swung the gate was Janet, flying towards me. Evidently she had not slept. Her face was pale, her yesterday's evening dress was not laid off, and dark shadows underlined her heavy eyes.

"What! up so soon?" I cried, with affected gayety, as I flung myself to the ground—"and waiting for a ride? Jump up now, and you shall have one canter before I put Bess in the stables. She's dead tired out with her night's work."

But Janet's only answer was to throw her arms about my neck with a burst of tears.

"O, Ted! what a fright you have given us; what a night I have spent. I feared an accident. We have had men scouring the hills, but they could find no trace of you. Thank God! you are safe home."

I led her into the house, soothing her as well as I could. After a few moments of convulsive weeping, she grew calmer, and I wiped her eyes with penitent kisses. She left me, smiling, and I was congratulating myself on having escaped so easily, when a door opened, and my grandfather stood before me on the landing. One glance at his shaking white head and stern face assured me that the worst was yet to come. I suppose I must have looked like a guilty culprit, with my wind-flushed face, my wind-tossed hair, and disordered clothes.

"Well, sir!" He spoke briefly, and then stood silent, waiting an explanation.

"I am sorry to have caused you any uneasiness," I began, trying at the same time to be respectful, and to curb the irritated temper which was born of my exhausted nerves. "I met some village friends, and joined them at a supper in town. I quite forgot the flight of time. This anxiety regarding me, which you and Janet display, seems to be wholly uncalled for."

"We will leave Janet's name out of this discussion, if you please." The old man spoke with quiet dignity; but my temper flushed like lightning.

"We will leave it out now and forever after, if you like!" I flung back, my prudence all cast to the four winds.

The words must have struck him hard and heavy, but he made no sign—not then.

His questioning continued, and he found that I had been with the Harrisons, and had met Miss Harrison. Very foolishly I praised her to my grandfather.

"Janet! Janet!" My grandfather suddenly raised his voice, calling loudly. I stood stupefied with astonishment. In another moment Janet was by my side, fluttering with anxious solicitude. He took her hands in his, and, turning her to the cruel light, studied intently the fair young face which not even a night's sleepless watching could make less than freshly lovely. "Janet, my Janet, do you love this man? Is your true heart bound up in him, my girl? Alas, alas," he added, as, blushing and sobbing "O, grandpapa!" she hid her pure young face in his bosom. He held it there, and kissed the bright brown curls in a passion of fierce tenderness. Then he turned to me:

"I forgive you this once, for the sake of my girl, who, God pity her! loves you. But, mind you, only this once; for not even you shall play fast and loose with my darling. When once her name is dropped between us, Master Ted, it is dropped forever. I know the Harrisons; they are treacherous and deceitful. Who plays with them plays a losing game. Let me warn you in time."

He shook fearfully, as with ague. I offered to support him, fearing that he would fall, but he repulsed me and led Janet away. I could hear him muttering to her of "Poor girl, my Janet!" And then he kissed her, weeping. How he loved that girl!

When I went back to the college town, the Harrisons were already established there. Bert and I were classmates. He took me to see Rosalind, and she straightway cast the old fatal spell over me. I loved her passionately when I was with her; but when I was away I longed for Janet. I longed to hear Janet's voice, to feel the touch of her hand. I thought of Rosalind by day, but dreamed of Old Janet by night. I had been at school only a few weeks, when a peremptory summons came, bidding me home. The message was given in such terms that I feared serious illness was at the bottom of it, and fled homeward like the wind. Janet was not in sight. A servant led me up to my grandfather's room. He was sitting alone, a majestic gray figure, by the table. I hastened forward to greet him, but he suddenly stretched out his hand and repulsed me with a gesture so stern, a look so pathetic and dignified, that I stood as if rooted to the floor.

"Don't speak! don't touch me!" he said, "until you have read that, and explained it." He pointed with a long, lean finger to an open letter on the table.

I took it up; it was the history of my intercourse with Rosalind Harrison from beginning to end—terribly precise, terribly true! I felt the blood surging hot and dark into my face under those piercing, needle-like gray eyes that watched me as I read the horrible treachery.

"Is it true?" my grandfather asked; but I could not reply. "Is it true, sir?" persisted the pitiless voice; and then I forced myself to look up.

"It is true, in part, I am afraid. But, O, grandfather! for pity's sake, listen to me; let me speak one word for myself. I am not so wholly base, or to blame, as this says ——"

"Stop!" my grandfather cried. "I will not hear another word. The one one fact that I wanted be assured of before I condemned you, is true. You have confessed it. You have been false to my Janet. Janet! Janet!" The pathetic old voice, breaking out into this strange, sad cry, rung through the lonely passages and reached her, wherever she was. She flew into the room, and, bending over him, without a look at me, kissed his white hair and withered cheeks, soothing him tenderly.

"Janet, my girl—my brave girl! it's all true. You and I are left to love each other alone, Janet," he said, clinging to her hands.

"And we are quite happy, grandpapa," answered her sweet, clear voice; "quite happy, you and I! Cheer up—cheer up, dada!"

I stood apart, listening, as if on the other side of a great gulf. Neither of them looked at me.

"Forgive me!" I pleaded, for once in humbleness. "If you are thus determined to cast me out of your hearts, let me, at least, hear you say that you forgive me before I go."

"Why should we bear enmity against a stranger, Janet?" said my grandfather, with cruel distinctness. "Let him go in peace. Those whom he took in place of us to be his friends have already played the part of Judas and betrayed him."

What could I say? For it was Bert Harrison's hand that, unskilfully disguised, had penned that miserable epistle in the hope of forever separating me from Janet Pentonleigh. Was he not Judas? So I left them without another word. And at that last hour I knew the truth. My grandfather had never cared for me except for Janet's sake, and when he learned that I had ceased to love her, he hated me.

I felt like a ruined man—stunned, reeling—as I stepped out into the open air. A great blank suddenly yawned in my life. I had always depended on Janet's love. Whether I was apparently true to her or false; whether I laughed, or sneered, or smiled at her, I expected her to love me. I felt it impossible for her to be false. "A man's courage, a man's will, and a man's sense of honor, added to a woman's tenderness;" how then could Janet cast me off, possessing these qualities? Sometimes I plied and jeered and told myself all this had come from the man's training Janet had received. She would have clung to me in spite of everything, as a woman ought, had she been reared by woman. After all, I preferred to think that she loved me, even then, in spite of that iron old man; so I whistled Rosalind Harrison's memory down the wind, and, now that my Old Janet was lost to me, hugged her dear image closer than ever to my heart.

It was a soft, dark day—still, horribly still, with the calm that follows ominously after a tempest. Now and then the heavy plunge of sliding masses of snow was heard as I walked to the station, and great flakes fell from the clouds at long distances. Our train labored heavily along. The wheels clogged, the rails creaked, and the sullen air seemed to be thrilled with forebodings of disaster. To add to our gloom, a heavy fog settled about us. The sheets of black vapor which, at stated intervals roll up from the Thames and make London like the cities one sees in dreams, vague and terrible, would have been but silvery mists, compared with the thick curtain that wrapped us and crept as we crept onward.

I was startled out of my dismal reverie by a horrible sense of a falling, a sickening crash, as if the world had been shattered; then came insensibility. When my jarred senses returned, I realized that I was lying among dead and wounded at the bottom of a rocky gorge, amid and under the ruins of the cars. I could not move, I was so bruised and crushed. I could not tell if my limbs were broken, but I felt the blood trickling over my cold face from a wound in my head.

Half the night passed while we lay there before help came. I was silent, up a tree, but would not come down till the future father-in-law conveyed to him a farm that had been promised. Much protestation and many tears, but he was firm. Finally the papers were signed and down he came.

There was to be a marriage in a French village, and all the guests were punctual, but the bridegroom could not be found. He was discovered at last

name aloud. The star changed; it was Janet's face that bent over me, her hands wiped the blood from my face, her voice sounded in my ear.

"Ted, my darling! O, my darling—my own love! He is not dead! O, thank God, he is not dead!"

She stood up and beckoned to one of the men who were helping to draw out from under the wrecked timbers the crushed human beings about us. He came with a light, looked at me, and then turned away.

"There's others that's hurt far worse than him, Miss. We must look to them first."

Janet caught hold of his arm, and snatching her purse from her pocket, thrust it into his hand.

"For God's sake help me!" she cried. "Oh, you must help me get him away from here. Take that—there is money in it—and do as I bid you."

The man yielded. Janet took off her large thick shawl and spread it on the ground. They loosened me as tenderly as possible from the wreck, and placed me on the shawl. Next, Janet took off some other portion of her dress and covered me—I felt her lips touch my cheek as she did it; then she took two corners of the shawl in her small fair hands, and the man took the other two, and so, step by step, tenderly, not to jar my bruised body, slowly and laboriously, the delicate girl and the strong man carried me up the rocky, ice-bound side of the ravine. Oh, my Old Janet—my lost darling! More than the bleeding of my wounds was the bleeding of my heart, and more than the pain of my hurts was the pain of my penitent love for you during that desolate journey!

Through the days of unavoidable sickness which followed that night's wounds and exposure, through my convalescence, and as long as I needed a nurse, Janet stayed with me. Every morning she received a letter from our grandfather, couched in affectionate terms, and expressing great anxiety for her, but not once alluding to me. He never came near me, never asked after my welfare; I was dead to the old granite heart. I felt bitterly indignant, but was too proud to complain.

At length the time arrived when Janet said that she must go; and then came a battle of wills. I begged her to stay with me. I entreated, implored, using all my noted powers of eloquence, which were now the more effective that I was in deadly earnest. But all in vain. Terrible power, used terribly in vain. It was a novel experience to me to fail.

"Stop, Teddy!" said Janet, crying. "You must not speak of this again. I promised grandpapa if he would let me come to you, that no word of love should be spoken between us. He trusts in my honor. Let me go!"

I burst out in a fierce rage.

"Why should we wreck our lives in humoring the whims of a spiteful old man? Oh, Janet! my love, my darling! do not leave me."

But she would not listen.

"I promised him to come back," she said, "and I will keep my word."

"But you love me! you love me, Janet!" I cried.

"I love you, Teddy. I have always loved, and always will. Now let me go."

I held her hands in mine. I would not release her.

"But if you love me, why do you leave me, Janet? Why are you so cold and hard—why is it so impossible to move you?"

Then for the first time she broke down.

"Cold to you? Ah, Teddy, don't you see how I am suffering? I love you—I love you! Oh, why cannot we be as we were once, when we were children together? We were so happy then. Why did you slight me, and hurt me—and make grandpapa angry? It is all your fault—yours."

She was crying and calling my name, with her face hidden in her arms. I thought I had gained the victory; I took her to my breast, and kissed and soothed her with an ornitant heart. Let the old man vent his spite now where he would, Janet was mine—mine! But all at once she stood up, pale and calm, and held out her hands:

"Good-bye, Teddy! I am going now. We must not see each other again. Forget me! I hope you will be happy; I hope you will find some one to love, and to love you; and—and—say good-bye to me, Teddy."

"I will not say it!" I burst out furiously. "I will marry you yet, in spite of that old tyrant. I will wait for you till he is dead, and then I will come to you, even if it be from the other side of the world." I thrust her hands from me, and turned my face to the wall.

That was our parting, and for over three long years that was the last I saw or heard of Janet Pentonleigh. "A man's courage, a man's will, and a man's sense of honor, added to a woman's tenderness."

I was in the south of Italy when her summons to me came: "Come home, Teddy!" Only these three words, but never did homesick wanderer cross the seas with lighter heart than mine, in answer to that sweet command.

Janet met me at the familiar doorway. Janet in mourning, but always my bright, my beautiful, my Old Janet. Our meeting was silent, but full of such sweet joy!

She took me, later, to our grandfather's grave. "He forgave you at the last," she said, softly. "He spoke of you tenderly, and he bade me send for you."

"But if he had not?" I asked eagerly. "If he had not forgiven me, Janet, what then? Would you have sent for me just the same?"

She hung her head, while her sweet face flushed and paled by turns. But the answer came, brave and true:

"I am afraid not," she said. "Oh, Teddy, I am so glad grandpa forgave you, for I'm afraid I could never have broken my promise to him."

But I choose to think she could.

The Newspaper.

Science, it may be said, has shown us how to make a newspaper the cheapest created article in the world. As an example of workmanship the damp, fresh journal that lies on the the breakfast table is the highest type of what capital, industry and skill can produce in the way of cheapness. The needle, the common pin, the steel pen, in their way show a similar result. But it would be far easier for the unskilled person to make a needle, a pin or a pen than to compose a newspaper. In one we see what the perfection of machinery will do in the way of finuness and cheapness of workmanship. But the newspaper, says an exchange, represents the achievements of machinery and the results of energy and patient thought combined. For less than the cost of a cigar, a loaf of bread, or a cup of coffee, the journalist sells the combined efforts of hundreds of men. To enable him to make his newspaper, his ministers go to all quarters of the world. And so perfect has the relation between the true journal and the people become that a great newspaper is no more and no less than a great commonwealth. It has the responsibility and many of the attributes of sovereignty. There is no such power for good or evil as now rests in the hands of the journalist. Every day he scatters his sheets broadcast to the four winds, to fall like seed upon barren and stony as well as upon fertile ground, to bear fruit which may be wheat and may be tares. We do not say that in all cases this labor is honestly, carefully done. We are well aware that thousands of tares are sown every day—slanders, falsehoods, disparagements, reckless statements that bring forth sorrow and heart-burning. But we do feel that every year there is less and less of this, that journalism is becoming more and more a profession, that the true editor feels that he is in some sense a judge, and that it will be woe unto him if he deals unjustly. So that in a moral sense, as a mighty influence acting directly and incessantly upon public opinion, as well as in a social and business sense, as the instrument of news and business affairs, the newspaper takes every day a higher and higher station.

Abyssinian Slaves.

The Abyssinian girls are remarkably pretty, with large eyes and delicately-shaped features. These girls are brought down from the Galla country by the slave-dealers from Abyssinia. That beautiful country, which, had we not wantonly deserted it, might have become of great importance, is now a prey to anarchy. The opposing tribes are only too happy to sell their female prisoners to the Arab slave-traders. These people bring down the young girls in gangs by various routes, but the principal outlet is the Red Sea, about Massowa. A great market is at Gallabat, the frontier town of Abyssinia. There I have seen them crowded together in mat tents, waiting for purchasers from those commissioned to procure slaves by the wealthy Arabs and Turkish officials. At Gallabat a handsome young girl of sixteen is worth about £16, but the same girl at Cairo would bring £40 or £50. The Abyssinians are a much advanced race compared with the negroes of Central Africa. The women are very affectionate and devoted to those who show them kindness. Thus, as they combine beauty with devotion, they are much sought for, and command a high price in the market. They are seldom purchased by common people, as their price is too high, and they cannot earn money by bodily labor like negresses, being too delicate and unable to sustain fatigue. Although they are generally termed Abyssinians (*Habbesheea*), I have never met with a true high-caste Abyssinian girl—these would-be Christians; whereas all I have seen have been Gallas—a Mohammedan race. Many of these poor girls die from fatigue on the desert journey from Gallabat to the sea-coast. Those who reach Khartoum, or the towns of Lower Egypt, are sold to the wealthy, and generally take a high position in the harems, often becoming the wives of their purchasers. In the Soudan I have met several charming Abyssinian ladies, who, having married European residents, have become perfectly civilized, proving the race is capable of great advancement.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

A Singular Fish.

A strange fish is found in the noisy maigre. It makes a strange cooing moan, accompanied by a sharp croak that can be heard at a depth of 150 feet. The fish attains a length of about six feet and weighs forty pounds. What these sounds are for we know not, but on the principle that all things are for some particular purpose they must have a meaning. That the imperfect voice of the fish is used to express discontent and pain I have no doubt, as in numerous experiments on a fish found in the Gulf of Mexico, called the grunt, I found that the voice was used and modulated as with other animals. When touched with the knife the grunts that it gave vent to fairly rose to a shriek, and when dying its moans and sobs were almost disagreeably human.

I shall never forget the first one of these veritable perkers that I caught. Thinking that my bait needed replenishing, I hauled in and found nicely hooked a grunt, and no sooner had I placed him in the boat than he commenced a series of grunts and sobs that bid fair to take me by storm. Now he would make a low noise, and gradually swell the "melody," and finally burl at me such a blast of entreaties, all of which were produced without a struggle, that my better nature was aroused, and I made haste to toss him back, and as he disappeared he uttered a squeak which, together with the splash, sounded to me like a *bona-fide* "thank you," and I have no doubt but what it was.

Ike Partington's Composition.

"Plymouth Rock" being the subject given out for the exercise of the school, the teachers and boys were astonished at the following luminous composition by Ike Partington, which displays great historical acumen and a most astonishing chronological facility:

Plymouth Rock.—This Rock was brought to this country in the Mayflower, in the year 1492, by the Pilgrims, under the direction of Elder Osmun Brewster, who afterwards moved to Boston and became an alderman of that city. It was on this rock that Governor Carver first shook hands with Samoset, who said, "Welcome Englishmen!" It is recorded that when Samoset came up Governor Carver asked him if he was a real Ingine, or only a member of an Ingine Company.

The Rock has long been regarded as a famous place. The American Eagle for a great many years used to come and whet his beak on the rock, but in 1653 Miles Standish, in order to keep it from being stolen, carried it and put it in front of Pilgrim Hall, where it remains at the present time, invested with great interest and an iron fence. The fence bears the names of all the Pilgrims in cast-iron letters that can't be rubbed out.

The Rock is a good deal worn out by the allusions touching it that are thrown off by Fourth of July orators. Plymouth Rock is the corner-stone of the cellar wall of our Republican structure, paregorically speaking, and the spirit of liberty sits upon it with a drawn sword in one hand, and the torch of freedom in the other; and if foes invade the shore of Plymouth at high water—for they never can get in at low tide—they will throw this rock in their teeth. It is a precious legacy from the past to the present, and from it may be reckoned the Pilgrim's Progress.

Defaulting Cashiers.

The cashier of E. C. Anderson & Co., bankers, Savannah, has disappeared, and a deficit of $15,000 appears in his accounts.

This is a thrice-told tale daily, and shows not only the vices of the tempted, but often the neglect of their employers. "Too much trusting, too much betrayal of trust," might be made a proverb; but this dishonesty has become so common, and has gone so far, that it will be necessary for employers to compel the giving of security by clerks, as well as the severe punishment of offenders. The giving of bonds will prove difficult for strangers in a strange city, however innocent; but it is thus the innocent often have to suffer for the offenses of the guilty. The good life and good habits of a clerk are his best capital, and in the long run must lead to advancement in pay, position, or a share in profits. It is lamentable to see how many fall from the four vices of gambling, bad women, luxurious and extravagant living, and living beyond one's means. No well brought up and careful young man will throw himself in the way of any of these temptations, or, once tempted, he will use all the moral force of his character to escape the snare. How far ambitious or showy wives, daughters and sons are responsible for the evil complained of, it would be difficult to say. But a father should know the means he has, and compel, if possible, his family to live within them until something better turns up. The world is before him for better as it has been before others, and with industry, honesty, and fair intelligence, he cannot long fail to earn a living.

The Shooting of a Reporter.

As the shooting of Captain Schmidt by the Carlists has almost become an European question, it will be interesting to know precisely how it came about, on the authority of a Spanish correspondent of the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, writing from Tolosa:

"Captain Schmidt was captured June 25, near Villefuerta, by the sharpshooters of the Carlist advance. As he wore a peasant's dress and spoke Spanish imperfectly, he was treated as a spy. The troops were going into action, and there was no time for a regular court-martial. He was summarily tried, and in spite of his protests, sentenced to be shot. He was shot on the 30th, in spite of the arrival of a courier from Don Carlos ordering a stay of the execution. He was shot in company with twenty-two Republican officers and soldiers, having been first allowed to write farewell letters to his family. The unfortunate captain belonged to the artillery and wore the order of the Iron Cross of the first class. Although a Protestant, he declared that he embraced the Catholic faith in the hope of saving his life. All was in vain!"

This, to be sure, is the German story. If it be correct, however, the Carlists on the spot were unquestionably guilty of something unpleasantly like a crime.

Well Provided For.

The *Christian Intelligencer* tells this story: "We know of a case in which a mother and her sister, her daughter, and her son-in-law were furnished with a good suite of rooms, handsomely fitted up, with more than simply decent clothing, and with a well-ordered table, by the pitiful supplications of the aged sister, who made frequent and regular visits to a certain set of offices down town. This was spoken of in the family as 'going down to the bank to draw a little deposit.' This source of income not being deemed sufficient to meet the wants of the son-in-law, a 'retired lawyer,' who was a little fastidious in the matter of dressing gowns, slippers and cigars, a strike was made on a new set of givers. The matter was referred by one of the latter to a faithful city visitor of the poor, who called, inquired, and the result was not only no new gifts, but even 'the bank' before mentioned suspended payment, and the young man was actually driven to the cruel alternative of going to work or going hungry."

Items of Interest.

Great crop of hay in California this year.

An old gander was recently killed at the age, it is said, of 90 years, in Virginia.

A Chicago paper boasts that that city has the finest assortment of ruins in the world.

There is a tree in Florida, at Lake Harris, which is said to yield 7,000 lemons annually.

Deaths take place, the world over, at the rate of one every three seconds, and births at the rate of one every two seconds.

A German at Terre Haute, Ind., sold last year 18,000 pounds of grapes raised on land which, the same season, would not have produced 20 bushels of corn.

A Pittsfield, Mass., boy of a Noble family, recently baptized, had present at the ceremony four great grand parents, three grand parents, and one great great aunt.

An assault upon the city editor of the Nashville *Banner* resulted in the sale of 1,000 extras, and the publisher has invited the assaulting gentleman to call again.

Verbatim report of a marriage ceremony in Iowa: "Join your right hands. Do you want one another?" "Yes." "Well, then, have one another. You are man and wife."

Mississippi decrees that no license shall be granted except on the petition of a majority of the men over twenty-one, and of the women over eighteen years of age in any township.

At an hotel table one boarder remarked to a neighbor—"This must be a healthy place for chickens." "Why?" asked the other. "Because I never see any dead ones hereabouts."

The daughter of a Greek brigand, who had acquired an immense fortune in his professional business, has just completed her education in London, and is about to appear in European society as the Princess Petko.

At a menagerie in Sacramento some boys annoyed the elephant by poking him with sticks, which made him so angry that he reached out his trunk for the youths nearest to him, and partially encircled three. Two managed to get away, but one was caught by the elephant's trunk, turned round two or three times, and then thrown aside with such violence that his right forearm was broken.

The Curse of Scotland.

A few evenings before the battle of Culloden, there were gathered in the apartments of the Pretender, at Inverness, a few of his friends, for the purpose of playing at cards. In the course of the evening, the nine of diamonds belonging to the pack with which they were playing was lost. On the night after the battle, which resulted so disastrously for the rebel army, the Duke of Cumberland entered Inverness, and, as was his invariable custom, took up his quarters in the apartments which had so recently been occupied by Prince Charles Edward. On the following morning, a scout brought in word that a small portion of the rebel army had taken shelter in a deep gorge among the mountains. The Duke at once directed an officer to take a number of men, surround the party, and put every man to death who was found in arms. The officer, reluctant to execute this inhuman order, and perhaps fearful of after consequences, declined to take the command without a written order. The Duke looked round the room for a piece of paper on which to write the order, when some one picked up the lost card, and presented it to the Duke, who wrote his order on the back of it, and handed it to the officer. The soldiers departed on their errand of butchery, and so well did they execute the Duke's commands, that not one of the devoted band of Highlanders escaped death. Hence it is that the nine of diamonds is called the curse of Scotland.

Comparative Value of Land.

The comparative value of land in France, England, and the United States is an interesting and somewhat curious subject of speculation. From the best authorities it appears that the valuation of land in France, if we substitute the acre for the *hectare* and the dollar for the franc, was just prior to the Revolution $40 per acre; in 1821, $56; in 1851, $108; in 1862, $145, and in 1874, $160 per acre. M. de Foville, the political economist, estimates the present value of the entire soil of France at $30,000,000,000. In 1851 the income returned from land alone was $380,000,000.

In England, from statistics which perhaps ought to be called inferential, the value of land per acre is placed at $200 in 1815 and at $350 in 1873. The present value of all the land in England is estimated at $6,152,571,665, and the rental of the soil for 1872 amounted to $244,571,150.

In the United States we are without the data to furnish estimates for these earlier periods, but the census valuation for improved and unimproved land in farms is a fraction over $11 per acre in 1850, a little more than $16 per acre in 1860, and a little less than $20 per acre in 1870. The total cash value of all farm lands in the United States by the official report of 1870 is $9,262,804,861, and the value of their annual productions during the last decade, $814,786,365.

Don't Waste It.—It not unfrequently happens in a family that quantities of cooked meats remain on hand. Such should be potted. Cut the meat from the bone, chop fine, and season highly with salt, pepper, cloves and cinnamon. Moisten with vinegar, wine, brandy, cider, soft sauce, or melted butter, according to the kind of meat, or to suit your own taste. Then pack it tightly into a stone jar, and cover over the top with about a quarter of an inch of melted butter. It will keep months, and always afford a ready and excellent dish for the breakfast or tea table.

The M'Kean Miner.

H. T. Barbour - - Editor.

THURSDAY, AUG. 20, 1874.

THE MINER is published every Thursday, at Smethport, McKean County, Pa. It is the intention and the highest ambition of the Publisher to make THE MINER a first class local and family journal. Items of news from all parts of the County are respectfully solicited, and will be liberally paid for if desired.

TERMS.—The regular subscription price of THE MINER is Two Dollars per annum. But hereafter, and during the present management, parties paying their subscription in advance will be allowed a deduction of 25 per cent upon the subscription price, when paid in cash.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We cannot pay any attention to anonymous communications; every article must be accompanied by the writer's true name and address for our own security. We cannot possibly return rejected manuscript, which fact we desire to impress on all contributors.

ADVERTISING TERMS.—Legal, Official and Commercial advertising, per square—three times or less Two Dollars, each subsequent insertion, fifty cents. Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion; five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Obituary notices, over five lines, ten cents per line. Professional cards, five lines or less, per year, five dollars. Rates for display advertisements furnished on application.

The State Convention

The Republican State Convention met in Harrisburg yesterday to nominate candidates for Lieutenant Governor, Auditor General, Secretary of Internal Affairs, and Judge of the Supreme Court. For the first named office the most prominent candidates are A. G. Olmsted, of Potter county, and James L. Graham, of Allegany county. Both are men of experience and ability, and in point of fitness it would be hard to make a choice. Gen. Harrison Allen, the present incumbent, will probably receive the nomination for Auditor General, there having appeared no considerable opposition to him. For the new office of Secretary of Internal affairs, the present Surveyor General, General Beath, whose present office is merged in the new one, and T. L. Bigham, of Allegheny county, are the candidates. Should Mr. Graham receive the nomination for Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Bigham would of course stand no chance whatever. The most prominent candidates for the Supreme Judgeship are Judge Butler, of Chester, and Judge Paxton, of Philadelphia. Under the Buckalew limited voting system, allowing no voter to vote for but one candidate, and declaring the two candidates receiving the highest number of votes elected, a nomination to this office will be equivalent to an election.

The War of Races.

We don't know but the white leagues and Southern whites will be able to get up a war of races at the South but it looks now as if it might be difficult work to succeed, unless the colored people hold to the position their enemies are trying to force on them, better than they have done. Of course, it makes little difference whether white men, in the Southern reckless style, go around shooting down colored children when they miss a larger victim. Such little indignities the colored people are expected to put up with. Nor was such an offence in the eyes of Southern sympathizers sufficient to get up a demonstration like that at Austin, Miss. In their view the whole blame is attached to the colored people. But we suspect the same inspiration fires the Southern colored, alike with the white Southern breast, under such strong provocations. Child murdering or adult murdering will beget colored heartburnings and retaliations the same as with the whites. Considering the great majority of the colored element, they of Austin showed a return of good and peaceable sense sooner than their white brethren would have done, under similar circumstances. But there really should be more of these hotheaded collisions of races. The whites of the South are sowing seed to reap the whirlwind. Instead of leading the colored people gently and peaceably in a life of freedom, parts of Louisiana, and Mississippi, at the present time, fostered by a reorganization of the Ku klux under the guise of the White Leagues, have enacted the most hostile demonstrations against the colored race. Retaliation, on the part of the latter, is a perfectly logical result. But they show no more of the fiendish spirit, than that which vents on their prosecutors. It is like a fight of bull dogs—dog eat dog. But such occurrences do not hasten the reconciliation of the races nor hold out hopeful security for the complete restoration of the Union. To their ignorance, to wrong leading and inexperience the present condition of the colored people at the South is largely indebted.—And if the whites persist to oppose and maltreat them, they can alone blame themselves for the consequences.

A Couple of Democratic Dogmas.

The Republican politicians, of this region at least, have no reason to feel anything but the most perfect satisfaction at the present condition of their old-time enemies. True to their latter-day instincts, the Democracy are already engaged in their periodical labor of demonstrating to the country the danger of intrusting them with power. Up in Maine the faithful have recently proclaimed as the true Democratic faith the most sweeping free-trade doctrine. But the dullest voter in the country knows that in the present state of affairs free trade means direct taxation for the support of the National Government,—and direct taxation has few charms for anybody,—while in this State every man who is not a clear dunce understands free trade to imply the closing up of most of our manufactories, the destruction of our greatest industrial interests, and the throwing out of employment of tens of thousands of skilled workers. Surely, Pennsylvania Republicans have nothing to fear when such an issue is pressed upon them.

But if the Democrats of Maine have convinced us of their want of sense, those of Indiana have taken pains to remind the country that the Democracy lack honesty quite as much as sagacity. They have actually re affirmed the Pendletonian doctrine of indirect repudiation—a political and financial heresy which was thoroughly exploited and exploded six years ago, and which the people then condemned by an emphatic majority. It is impossible to see what there is in the condition or sentiment of the country that could prompt sane men after such an experience to again put forth a dogma which the people have come to regard as one leading directly to the political disgrace and financial ruin of the Government. And a Democratic Governor and leading Democratic candidate for the Presidency presided over the Convention which undertook to set this dead horse of repudiation on its legs! Politicians have been generally supposed to make platforms to suit the popular taste. Is it possible that the American people or the people of any State have suddenly fallen in love with the principles of sneakthieves? Having repudiated the repudiators when led by Seymour, is it possible that they will indorse them when led by Hendricks? We don't believe it. With a constantly-decreasing public debt, there is if possible less excuse than ever before for this proposition to ruin the national credit by robbing the public creditors.

We believe there is small danger of the adoption by the people of either of these Democratic dogmas so recently re asserted. We are well enough pleased that our political enemies should still cling to dead issues which are certain to bring them into contempt as well as defeat; but it would seem to be high time for men who are not irrevocably joined to their Democratic idols to seriously consider whether a party ruled by fogies capable of such stupendous political blunders can ever again be of service to the country—unless, indeed, it is as a "horrible example" of political debauchery and decay. And certainly it is high time for men still on the right side of forty to reflect whether it is worth while to longer cling to a party which still worships "the Constitution as it was," prates of "State rights," declares for direct taxation, and urges the repudiation of the public debt—a debt incurred to save the life of the nation. —Wellsboro *Agitator*.

Is it any wonder that Kentucky should make but slow progress in climbing out of the pits of Bourbonism? She has five thousand district schools to be taught, but not five hundred teachers who have a knowledge of the proper systems of teaching, while even her most advanced educators caution her not to rely upon other States for a supply of teachers, for fear the instructor from the outside world "may engraft upon the minds of the young ideas and doctrines which will ultimately destroy our idiosyncrasies." The character of some of these idiosyncrasies may be inferred from the fact that the shooting, cutting and lynching "affairs" which have taken place in that State within the past four weeks, number thirty-three embracing eleven homicides and twenty-two other reckless bloodshedding affrays. What a shame it would be to destroy such "idiosyncrasies" as these, wouldn't it?

The platform of the Prohibition State Convention takes such extreme ground on the temperance question that the cooperation of moderate reformers in that direction will not be secured. So far as the ticket secures any strength it will be to the advantage of the Democrats, who are pledged to the repeal of the local option law; and just in proportion as votes are gained for it will the local option be endangered. But the Convention repudiates any practical idea of this kind, and as a consequence discourages the friends of temperance who have not the prohibition bee in their hats, and encourages the liquor leagues and the advocates of an unrestricted traffic. As this fact becomes more and more apparent, as the day of election comes around, the Prohibition ticket will find its voting strength reduced to a very insignificant figure.

Some rather remarkable changes are indicated as among the political probabilities this Fall. In New York, Fenton is said to be getting back into the Republican ranks, and is looking for re-election to the United States Senate. In Philadelphia there are surface indications that McClure and Forney are trimming around. The latter is in Europe but his paper is smoothing the way toward an amicable understanding. In the meantime, young Kneass gets out of the way in the Senatorial contest, and all looks fair for McClure to get back, and secure the nomination in his district to the State Senate. So we go,—those who fight and make it pay, live to fight another day.

The curse of crime seldom has a stronger illustration than in the case of the Walworth parricide. First, a father shot by his son; then the mother dying in a few brief months of grief and a broken heart, and now, as a dread climax, the murderer himself declared a hopeless maniac. The spectacle is fearful. A youth, in the pride of budding manhood, hurled from respectability, affluence, and happiness, to disgrace and misery, and worse than death, as the penalty of one false step!

Beecher has at last made his statement. It is very lengthy, and emphatically denies all the allegations made by Tilton. We do not feel very urgently the necessity of discussing the matter, as it will probably make very little difference in the report of the committee what our opinion may be. Nearly all the most respectable journals agree that the statement is a conclusive vindication of Beecher's conduct and character.

The number of delegates in attendance at the late Temperance State Convention at Harrisburg, which nominated a full State ticket, is stated by the *Harrisburg Telegraph* at about twenty. The President of this wee gathering attributed its smallness to the extreme heat of the weather.

In Massachusetts they have a way of keeping experienced men in office. Charles Sumner served as Senator twenty-three years, Daniel Webster nineteen years and a half, Henry Wilson eighteen years and a quarter. This is one of the secrets of the Old Bay State's influence in Congress.

Those who vaguely expect "reform" and other ideal results from a Democratic restoration, may see in Connecticut, New Hampshire, and certain Southern States, precisely what they may look for.

Heretofore there has been but one Republican Judge on the bench, in Kentucky; but at the late election in that State, *three* Republican Judges were chosen. The world does move.

Four years Democratic rule has almost entirely stopped immigration to Missouri, and has depreciated the value of property nearly one hundred per cent.

A little motto for candidates, everywhere: "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain."

The indications are that the ill-advised Prohibitory movement in this State will speedily require a wet nurse.

Having quietly settled all the great European questions, Halstead is about to return home to solve the problem of the next Presidency.

— The Liberal Republican State Convention of New York is called to meet at Albany September 9, to nominate candidate for State officers.

The men who are selling up a high standard of character for the occupants of political places, continually refer to the past history of the country, to show that in previous generations there were giants in the land, compared with whom the present race of public men are but pigmies. Yet the Philadelphia *North American* shows that not one of these men would have been able to come up to the mark that is now demanded. It says:

"Take any of the giants who figure in political history—pick and choose, take the very best and greatest—and how would it have fared with him had his follies and foibles, his trespasses on license and his littleness, been served up daily in the public prints? What would have become of Jefferson had all that he did been spread before the greedy public daily? Take Webster, or Clay, or Wright, or indeed any of the giants of those days, and put them in this modern crucible of criticism, and what residuum would be found? Do we not know that none of those men could have borne the ordeal, whether as regards morals or deportment? All of these men were frequently drunk. Their morals otherwise were not angelic. They were of the earth, earthy. They did not monopolize all the virtues by any means. Of course they were abused and lied about; but had only the truth been told, how then? They could not have borne it. They were in intellect and in patriotism a ful head taller than the average of mankind. Had a call been made for men of spotless purity to take possession of public affairs in that age, business must have come to a dead halt. Average excellence has done for the world all that has been done. Now and then a head rises above this average, but not for long. Such a head is certain to be stoned; for the world never did tolerate anything above the average of goodness. Make a call for spotless men to-day, and if such existed and put in an appearance, they would be stoned back to their former obscurity."

— William M. Randall, of Pottsville, "feeling satisfied that the majority of the Democratic party in Schuylkill county are opposed to the nomination of James B. Reilly for Congress," announces himself as an independent candidate. The county is very close, being Democratic by only about two hundred majority. Unless the tactics of last year are pursued, when there were two Democrats, two Republicans, and a Labor Reformer for the single office of State Senator, the Republicans will stand a fair chance of sending the man to Washington.

— The Philadelphia *Press* of yesterday says: It is said that the friends of Hon. A. K. McClure will present his name as a candidate for the regular Republican nomination in the Fourth Senatorial district, made vacant by the withdrawal of Christian Kneass, Esq. A paper looking to that effect, and asking Mr. McClure to accept the nomination, was being signed yesterday in the several wards of the district.

— The Johnstown *Tribune* thinks the presentation of the name of Gov. Hartranft for the Presidency "would not be an unpleasant thing to contemplate, were it not that in all probability editors would have to again wade through the columns of lies that our Democratic saints trumped up against him during the Gubernatorial campaign, two years ago."

The Mauch Chunk *Gazette* thinks the Republicans will carry Pennsylvania in November by 25,000 or 30,000 majority. Our candidates will be popular, our party record is good, taxation has been almost abolished by the State, and nothing is to be gained by a political change.

— The delegates from Lycoming county to the Democratic State Convention have been instructed to support Gen. "Dick" Coulter, of Westmoreland county, for Lieutenant Governor.

Manhood; How Lost, How Restored.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.

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The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife, pointing out a mode of cure, at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

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Josephine Seamless Kid gloves,

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You Should,

and this month's styles of Silk

and Soft Hats, also.

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For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Among the grand discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than the effectual remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast effort of its truth throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its powers, and cases of Consumption, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing Coughs, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves innumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affection, which are easily met at first, but which become inevitable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Throughout the land no other remedy is employed for lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and restored to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome Influenza and painful Bronchitis, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originating the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as remarkable as the greatest it has ever effected.

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The M'Kean Miner.

THURSDAY, AUG. 29, 1874.

Local and Miscellaneous.

Peach Festival

There will be a Peach Festival at the M. E. Church, Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday evening, Sept. 15th, for the benefit of Rev. J. L. Rushbridge. Further particulars next week.

— Town ball is "played out" for this season as a lawful amusement.

— Hon. H. Ross has our thanks for several valuable public documents.

— It will cost Washington county fifty thousand dollars to replace the bridges washed away by the late floods.

— The Democratic State Convention meets at Pittsburgh, Wednesday the 16th inst.,—the same day of the excursion.

— The highest ambition of some people is to "kick" an editor. It is something of an accomplishment we will admit, and few reach fame in that way.

— The consumptive lady who wanted the doctor to give her something to keep her alive until Beecher had made his statement, may now die in peace.

— The Liverpool papers speak of the case of a little girl in that city who lost her life in consequence of having her ears bored. It is well for editors, generally, that their ears are not so sensitive.

— An Ocean insurance agent was kicked in the face by a mule the other day. The man was uninjured, but the hoof of the mule's foot was badly damaged.

— The man who tries to edit a newspaper to please everybody will soon wish to retire from business. We have never tried it, and don't intend to, as we propose to follow the business for life.

— It is said that Barnum has offered Weston $5,000 to walk against time. "Why can't somebody offer him $3,000 to walk against a stone wall or a buzz saw?" asks the Boston Globe.

— A private letter from New York says that business is picking up all the time, and the great city begins to have a lively appearance. Next month things will move still better. The country merchants are anticipating by car loads, and there is trade doing. Let us rejoice.

— The Buffalo Express cannot understand how so large a paper as the Providence Press can be printed in Rhode Island, and says when the boys stand to fold a "Press" it is probably done on the underframe where there is plenty of room.

— We are requested to say that Miss Carrie Sartwell will teach the Primary Department of the borough school the coming term on her own responsibility, and taking under the authority of Prof. Train.

— There are indications that the hard times are passing away. The men were set at work on full time at Antrim last week, and we understand additional coal mines are contemplated on the Blossburg road.—Tioga Agitator.

— W. W. Nichols, late local editor of the Ocean Times, has purchased the Wellsville Democrat, and assumes the reins this week. Nick is a ready and pungent writer, and we'll no doubt "make it hot" for his fellow-townsmen and domineering neighbor the Allegany Reporter.

— Brother Jonathan can crow now. The American ball players, who are making a tour of England, have beaten the English in every game of cricket that has been played thus far. Of course, you know, all the good players are out of town, you know.

— An important matter for Republicans to bear in mind is, that under the new State Constitution, any voter whose name is not registered by the 3d of September, can not vote at the next election. Registration is a duty which should not be delayed.

— A "Digest of the Game Laws of Pennsylvania" is a little pamphlet prepared by a member of the Dauphin county bar and is well worth the perusal of every farmer, mechanic and sportsman. Send fifty cents to J. B. Stowe, 213 Walnut Street, Harrisburg, and get a copy.

— The conferees for the Congressional district composed of the counties of Erie, Warren and Venango met at Erie on the 12th inst., and after the eighteenth ballot adjourned until August 31st, without making a nomination. Each county presents a candidate—Erie, C. E. Curtis; Venango, F. W. Monsell, and Warren, L. F. Watson.

— One of the failings of professional men generally is an undue admiration of the fair sex. Next to this is their passion for a fine horse. Now, our legal friend W. J. Mellinger, Esq., whatever may be his proclivities toward the fair sex, is undeniably fond of a fine horse. He has denied himself this luxury of a roadster for several months, but now we observe that he sports again a prancing steed. We have not yet had the opportunity of riding behind the "animile," (which we presume is simply an oversight on the part of Mr. M., which he will take an early occasion to remedy,) therefore cannot speak knowingly of its good qualities, but presume they are legion.

— One of those unlooked for "avalanches of job work" with which the Cameron Press must in no other troubled, prevented our attendance at the Catholic picnic last Saturday, much to our regret. We understand from those who attended that the attendance was large, the enjoyment unlimited, the company good natured and orderly, and the receipts very gratifying—being for the neighborhood of $200. Very much of the financial success of the enterprise is due to the generosity of Messrs. McCoy & Reilly, in donating the use of their portable soda fountain, from the proceeds of which a good share of the receipts were obtained.

A Strange Performance.

Last Sunday several gentlemen from this place attended the camp-meeting at Bradford. During the services one of the gentlemen had the temerity to speak in a whisper to a lady friend sitting by him. An edge-eyed divine observed him, and invited him out and placing him in the hands of an ecclesiastical constable he was dragged to and thrown into a shed dignified by the appellation of a lock-up, without warrant or authority of law. As soon as his friends found out his plight, they of course made immediate inquiry as to the cause of his arrest and all reasonable efforts to secure his release. They could obtain no satisfactory answers from any quarter. One gentleman very civilly asked of the constable the cause of the young man's arrest, and was answered by the presentation of a loaded revolver in his face and the reply, "It's none of your d——d business." And the most pulsant official calls himself a Christian and a member of the United Brethren church.

Finding that appeals to the sense of so ignorant a petty official were vain, they trusted to their own resources, and the young man released himself without warrant, as he had been imprisoned without warrant.

It is to be regretted that no uncalled for an affair should have occurred, as it reflects but little credit upon the sense and christian spirit of the zealous divine, or his constabulary tool, and will only prove a source of bitterness and ill feeling.

We, and all who know the young gentleman who was so summarily and unjustly dealt with for so trifling an offense, know him to be one of the most uniformly well behaved and gentlemanly young men in this borough, or indeed in the county. He was neither "drunk or disorderly," and was neither by word or deed interfering with the exercises of the meeting, yet this sworn civil officer of the State deems it his duty, at the end of his ghostly counsellor, to drag him to a lock up only designed for the vicious and criminal.

We would be the last to uphold the creating of a disturbance, and most strongly condemn ungentlemanly behaviour, in a public meeting of any kind, but we do think that the attendants upon a religious meeting have some rights which the conductors of that meeting are bound to respect, even though so high and mighty a potentate as a town constable should be numbered among the brethren.

Monday a warrant was issued for the arrest of the preacher Rev. Beauchoof, and Constable Emery, for false imprisonment, and served upon them the next morning. Owing to some bungling in the service, it was necessary to send another warrant, and the hearing was set for Wednesday at one o'clock, before Justice Smith. Considerable excitement was manifested among our citizens as the time of the trial approached, and it was very evident that the burden of opinion was favorable toward young Gelford. The defendants appeared, with Judge Ward as their assistant and counsel. They were met with difficulties at the outset in securing a lawyer to defend them as all the lawyers who were not engaged were averse to taking up the case, and it was finally concluded to give bail for appearance at Court which was set at $500, a Mr. Ward, of Bradford being the surety. Among the great number of witnesses present for the prosecution were several of the first young ladies of Bradford where presence gave the affair a gala appearance.

National Sportsmen's Association

We have received a copy of a Call for a National Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Niagara Falls, on the 9th day of September, next. All State and local organizations, and gentlemen sportsmen where no local clubs exist, are requested to take the matter in hand and send delegates to said Convention. The call is issued under a resolution adopted by "The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game," and its object is the procurement of "intelligent and efficient legislation for the protection of birds, fish and game." The objects of the convention are certainly of great importance. The yearly decrease of fish in our streams alone would seem to demand concerted and intelligent action on the part of those interested in their preservation. Will any of our sportsmen move in the matter?

— Agreeable to a resolution of the borough council, Water Street was opened to the public last Saturday. In connection with this notice we cannot refrain from making special mention of the new fence erected by S. A. Backer on his land adjoining the street. Admirers of the picturesque cannot but admire it. If "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," that fence must be an eternal well spring of happiness to its possessor.

An Explanation.

Inasmuch as I, in my Appeal last week to the tried and voters of McKean county, to use their influence in staying the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors, made use of the words "slunk gin mill" and "drunken foreigner," a dear home of my foreign friends have taken exception to those expressions, I would gladly state that while I am prepared to prove whatever the article contains, I do not consider a Yankee gin-mill any better than that kept by a foreigner, nor a drunken foreigner any worse than a drunken American, and ask the pardon of any and all whose feelings may have been hurt, for I am of Irish extract on myself, and besides have so much respect for the memory of Father Matthews (to whom a truer temperance man never lived) to ignore the influence of lasting effort in supporting intemperance. Will they not lend a hand in having McKean a temperance county.

S. W. Smith.

Smethport, Aug 18, 1874

[We would state editorially that we are confident Mr. S. did not intend to reflect upon any other than those engaged in illegal business.—Ed.]

Camp Meeting at Bradford

About a dozen preachers have, so far, attended. There are nine tents and the preacher's stand. No stalls or refreshment stand are allowed on the grounds. One stand was kept in the vicinity for a few days, but the owners closed it on Monday.

On Sunday two thousand persons were estimated in attendance, and the collection then taken amounted to one hundred dollars.

On the first night of the meeting two men were arrested for disturbing it, had a hearing before Squire Crocker, and gave bail for their appearance at Court.

On Sunday night a young man from your Boro was arrested, and put in the lock-up, whether justly or unjustly remains to be known, and the same night he opened the lock-up and went home about his business.

Monday morning three persons were babtized.

Tuesday morning a warrant for the arrest of the preacher in charge, and the Constable was brought from Smethport and served upon the parties, charging them with false imprisonment.

After much consultation, the accused were brought before Squire Crocker who held them for examination holding open Court for seventy-two hours to enable the prosecution to procure witnesses.

As your reporter does not attend camp meeting he only repeats what he has heard from all classes, and what it is said has been reiterated from the preachers stand; that a more attentive or orderly assemblage could not be found so far as the worlds people are concerned, the brethren and sisters can be heard 19 hours out of 24, anywhere within a circuit of half a mile, but their shouts and groans are part of the exercises.

Squire Crocker, Court week and the Day of Judgment, will set matters more fully before those who care to know, if the "Mayan" and the recording angel keep posted. H

Personal.

We were pleased to receive a call a few days since from W. W. Griffith, of Kane, and to notice that he is entirely recovered from his recent severe illness.

Wm. H. Martin, son of Adam Martin, of Bunker Hill, for several years a resident of Cambridgeport, Mass., is taking a vacation among his old friends. The practice of law and life in the ethereal atmosphere of the "Hub" seems to agree with him.

L. Rogers and C. K. Sartwell are at Harrisburg hoping to select a State ticket which the Republican party will elect on the 3d of next November.

Observing an unusual degree of hilarity among a company of gentlemen on the Bennett House porch Tuesday morning, we were at a loss to account for it until we found that Col. A. J. Wilcox was in town. That explained it. The Col. is one of those genial, good natured and whole souled men in whose society even a bottle crowned Puritan would forget his master by and the man who mourned the loss of a mother in law would feel that the world was not altogether dark.

We were chided upon the other day by friend Hughes, of the Reporter. He happened to strike us at the right time and grabbed up $6 00 of our hard earnings. But we do not complain, as he left us in its place the first volume of Appleton's American Cyclopedia, which is abundantly worth the money.

Excursion.

For conveyance to and from Larrabee's, on Aug 26th, apply to Jack Farrer, or M. L. Armstrong.

All excursionists are requested by the committee to attach their name and address to their lunch baskets.

— In a private conversation the other day, we heard the query, "Why not get up a picnic to furnish a license for Smethport and vicinity?" and we say, why not? If there is any one thing more needful than another to the living and the dead of this place it is a respectable license. If we ever die here, we believe we should die easier if we were certain that we should be carried to the cemetery in a respectable public adapted to the occasion. There ought to be no object of more earnest interest to our citizens than this. Whether by private subscription or in any other way, it matter not how, it is indeed time we should conform to the customs of civilized communities in the care of our dead.

— Benjamin Haywood is mentioned in the Pottsville *Journal* as a Republican candidate for Congress.

Smethport School.

SMETHPORT, M'KEAN CO., PA.

THE Fall Term will commence Tuesday, September 1st, 1874, and continue three months. In addition to the common and higher English branches, instruction will be given in Latin, German, French, and Vocal and Instrumental Music. Also in surveying, with use of Transit for practical field work.

Rooms and Board.

Rooms will be furnished with or without table board. Rooms $2 to $5 00 per week. Board, school week, $2 00; full week $3 75.

Tuition.

Common English, per term $5 00
Other than adult rates for each of the higher branches.
Vocal Music $10 00
Instrumental Music $10 00
Use of instrument $2 00

Primary Department.

A Primary Department, under the supervision of Miss Emma Sartwell, will commence at the same time and place. Tuition for term, $3 00.

All bill must be settled in advance.

Those wishing rooms must apply before Aug 24.

For further particulars apply to
R. R. TRAIN, Principal.

All kinds of
GRAINING
by a new process, in first class style, for half the usual price.
Address *Cyr. B. Bath,*
Portville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.
a19v1-4w]

The Teachers' Institute.

The County Teachers' Institute will be held at the Court House, in Smethport:

September 8, 9, 10, & 11.

Evening Lectures will be given on Educational subjects. Lecturers and Instructors—

Prof. Robert Curry,
Doctor of Philosophy, and Deputy State Superintendent; and
Prof. H. S. Jones,
School Sup't of the city of Erie.

Both these gentlemen are well known to be eminently successful as Institute workers, and no effort will be spared on my part to make the session interesting and instructive. Directors, and the public generally, are invited to be present. I trust that every teacher in the county who can will attend during the entire time. Those *not present* will be expected to give a *good reason for absence* when next examined.

W. H. CURTIS, Co. Sup't.
Aug 5, 1874.

W. S. BROWNELL,
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS & GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES.
&c., &c., &c.

Motto—*Quick Sales, Small Profits.*

Store opposite Baptist Church, Smethport, Pa. Patronage is respectfully solicited.

E. B. SHATTUCK,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Wines and Liquors,
OLEAN, N. Y.
Particular attention given to orders by mail or telegraph. Small or large quantities carefully boxed and shipped.

P. J. Hanour,
Importer of
FINE BRANDIES,
CHOICE WINES
FOREIGN ALES & PORTER.
150 and 152 Main and 119 Commercial Sts
BUFFALO, N. Y.

BONNEY'S
UNITED STATES
HOTEL.
TERRACE, NEAR MAIN ST.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.
D. Bonney & Son,
Proprietors.
P. E. Snow, Clerk, (late Prop. Olean Olean House.)
This Hotel has been Newly Furnished.

Summer Arrangement.
Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia Railway.

ON AND AFTER June 8th, 1874, trains will run on the B. N. Y. & Phila. R'y as follows—

Leaving Buffalo.

8.50 a. m.—Mixed Train to Port Allegany—(daily except Sundays, stopping at Depew 9.15 p. m., at Portville 4-04 at Olean Lane 4-24, at Eldred 4-50, at Larrabee 5 10, at Port Allegany 6.40.

6.20 a. m.—Philadelphia Express (daily except Sundays) stopping at Depew 9 11 at Portville 9 28, Olean 9 9, Port Allegany 10 10, Emporium 11 15 Williamsport 6.30, p. m., Sunbury 8.55 Harrisburg 10.05 p. m., Philadelphia 2.50 a. m., Baltimore 2 40 a. m., Washington 4.20 a. m.

5.30 p. m.—Port Allegany Accommodation—(daily) stopping at Olean 8 40, at Portville 8 54, Starbo Tine 9 03, Eldred 9 15 Larrabee 9 25, Sartwell 9 32, Port Allegany 9 45.

Trains Leave Emporium

3.15 a. m.—Local Passenger and Freight—(daily except Sunday) stopping at Port Allegany 8 05, Larrabee 8 50, Olean 9 11, Buffalo 6 00 p. m.

6 p. m.—Niagara Express—(daily except Sunday) stopping at Port Allegany 7 05, at Larrabee 7.25, at Olean 8.10, at Buffalo 11 p. m.

Train Leaves Port Allegany.

4.45 a. m.—Accommodation—(daily) stopping at Turtle Point 5.40, Sartwell 5 53, Larrabee 6 15, Eldred 6 27, State Line 6.33, Olean 6.50, Buffalo 8 50 a. m.

H. E. LYMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
J. D. YEOMANS, Supt.

Pennsylvania Railroad.
Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, JUNE 21st, 1874, the Trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves	Phila.	7 50 a. m
" " "	Renovo	6 20 p. m
" " "	Emporium	6.20 p. m
" " "	St. Marys	7.35 p. m
" " arr. at	Kane	9 15 p. m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Phila.	11.55 p. m
" " "	Renovo	11 10 a. m
" " "	Emporium	1 15 p. m
" " "	St. Marys	2 10 p. m
" " arr. at	Erie	5.35 p. m

EASTWARD.

NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves	Kane	9.00 a. m
" "	St. Marys	10.30 a. m
" "	Emporium	11 35 a. m
" "	Renovo	4 05 p. m
" "	arr. at Phila.	2.50 a. m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	11.30 a. m
" "	St. Marys	5.00 p. m
" "	Emporium	6 10 p. m
" "	Renovo	8 50 p. m
" "	arr. at Philadelphia	6.40 a. m

Mail East connects east and west at Erie with L. S. & M. S. R. W. and at Irvineton with Oil Creek and Allegheny R. R. W.

Mail West connects with east and west trains on L. S. & M. S. R. W. and at Corry and Irvineton with Oil Creek and Allegheny R. R. W.

WM. A. BALDWIN,
General Superintendent.

MOORE HOUSE
OLEAN, N. Y.
M. V. Moore, Proprietor.
[FORMERLY FORD'S HOUSE.]
Newly Furnished. Bells to all rooms. Runs to all trains. Best bar in Western New York.

NOTICE.

Office Buffalo, Bradford & Pittsburgh R. R. Co.; Aug. 15, 1874.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Buffalo, Bradford and Pittsburgh Railroad Company will be held on TUESDAY, the 8th day of September, 1874, in the village of Susquehanna Depot, Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, for the purpose of choosing a President and twelve Directors for said corporation, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

A. H. MACDONOUGH, Secretary.

J. R. Clark vs Joseph F. Clark } In McKean Co. Common Pleas, No. 52, June Term, 1870.

NOTICE.—I, the undersigned, the Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of said county, to distribute to and among those on sheriff sale in the above entitled case, will be at the Court House in Smethport, on Wednesday, September 16, 1874, at one o'clock p. m. of said day, at which time and place all persons having any claims will appear and present the same.

J. E. CHADWICK, Auditor.
August 15, 1874.

WANTED.

An energetic and reliable man can obtain the Agency of the FIRE ASSOCIATION of PHILADELPHIA for McKean County, by corresponding with HENRY W. WATSON, Gen'l Agent, Williamsport, Pa.
(References required.) 32-3t

BUGGY FOR SALE.

A light, single buggy, strong, well made, and in good condition will be sold cheap. Can be seen at my place two miles north of Smethport.
48-tf W. H. CURTIS.

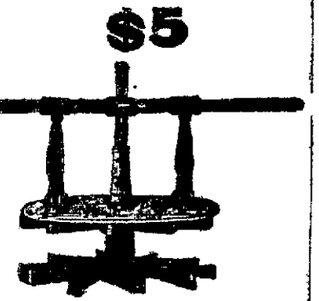
Notice.

Western District of Pennsylvania. At Smethport, the 21st day of May, 1874—The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of H. D. Ault and C. Comfort, doing business under the firm name of Ault & Comfort, who have been adjudged bankrupts, on creditors' petition, by the District Court of said District.

C. E. HAVEN, Assignee.
July 23, 1874. 4w

Morse's Favorite

$5



WASHER.

THE undersigned having secured the exclusive right of sale of Morse's Favorite Washer in the counties of

CAMERON, CRAWFORD,
CLINTON, ELK,
FOREST, ERIE,
M'KEAN, POTTER, and
WARREN,

Are prepared to dispose of either County, Township or individual rights.

REFERENCES:

The undersigned ladies of Smethport and vicinity, having used Morse's Favorite Washer in their families, have permitted us to refer to them for proof of its many excellences as a family servant:

Mrs. A. N. Taylor,	Mrs. S. P. Beckwith,
" C. K. Sartwell,	" John Stoddard,
" M. V. Pond,	" James Howard,
" John Grigsby,	" Emma Gifford,
" John D. Taylor,	" Wm. Sherwood,
" B. L. Knapp,	" Horace Vanaskiele,
" Wm. Haskell,	" H. T. Barbour

KNAPP & TAYLOR.
B. L. KNAPP, JOHN TAYLOR.
Smethport, Pa., July 1, 1874.

SMETHPORT MARBLE WORKS.

The undersigned keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES,
TABLE-TOPS, MANTEL-PIECES

Come and see me!

Factory & Warerooms on Water st.
Smethport, Pa.
John Digel, Prop'r.

Market, Grocery & Provision
STORE.
J. P. Wendell, Prop'r.

To meet the wants of the people of Smethport and vicinity, and fully satisfied that there is such a want, I have established in the Basement of

Armstrong & Co.'s Drugstore

a commodious

MARKET
AND GENERAL
PROVISION STORE,

where I shall keep on hand

FRESH & SALT MEAT,
FISH,
VEGETABLES,
FRUITS,

and everything usually kept in a first class Market.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

J. P. WENDELL.

TO OUR FRIEND AND THE PUBLIC.

We wish to call especial attention to our large and complete stock of

School Books, Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Albums,

&c., which we bought for cash of the receiver appointed for BREED, LENT & Co., Buffalo, directly after their failure, at TEN PER CENT. below the publisher's and manufacturer's prices to jobbers, we therefore DEFY competition, and are prepared to wholesale School Books to dealers in other parts of the county at bottom figures. Our stock of

CONFECTIONERY

is always complete, as we receive it in small quantities every few days thereby insuring its freshness. We also keep the very choicest brands of *CIGARS and TOBACCO* the market affords. Our FANCY GOODS, SUNDRIES, PERFUMERIES, &c., being selected with the greatest care from the best Importing Houses, we are enabled to offer as complete a line as can be found in this part of the country, at the lowest prices. We also keep strictly pure

WINES & LIQUORS

for medical use only. Prescriptions, recipes, &c., carefully prepared.

With many thanks for the liberal patronage we have so far enjoyed, we would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

McCOY & REILLY

Smethport, Nov 6, 1873.

GO TO
EATON & SPRAGUE'S
FOR YOUR
STOVES, HARDWARE, COOKING UTENSILS, SHELF FURNITURE, CUTLERY, TINWARE,
and everything that can be found in a first-class Hardware Store.
THEY WILL NOT BE OUTDONE IN PRICES OR QUALITY OF GOODS.

Alfred Sturdevant.

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that he is now prepared to attend to his customers at his

NEW QUARTERS,
OVER THE POST-OFFICE

He is prepared to do

Shaving & Hair Dressing

in the highest style and at the lowest price. A select assortment of

Cigars, Collars, Cuffs,

and other fancy and useful articles constantly on hand. Call and be satisfied for yourselves.

WHY
YOU WANT IT!
FOR ITS GOOD STORIES!
FOR ITS FASHION ARTICLES!
FOR ITS MISCELLANY!
FOR ITS HOUSEHOLD NEWS!
Third Year of
"OUR OWN FIRESIDE,"
A HOME JOURNAL FOR THE FIRESIDE.

16 large pages, with illustrations. Every subscriber has choice of one of three fine chromos—a far better class than those offered by other publishers. Price, $1.50 a Year.

Send three cent stamp for sample copy. Address
Our Own Fireside Pub Co.,
Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.
Canvassers wanted.

Any Article
Purchased for You.

Ladies', Gentlemen's, or Children's Garments; any Household Goods, Musical Instruments, or Fancy Article.

Anything You Want,
AND WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

Send three cent stamp for circular. Address
PURCHASING AGENCY OF
"Our Own Fireside,"
Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.

STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS
2, 4 & 6 Horse Power.
GET the BEST & CHEAPEST:
Address, M. L. GUPP & CO.
Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.

Amateur Job Press.
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.
For Printers, Druggists, Business Men and Boys.
Send five cents for pamphlet. Address
M. L. GUPP & CO.
Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.

Hotel for Sale.
THE SPINNEY HOUSE,

IN SMETHPORT, PA., is offered for sale. This Hotel is located at the County seat of McKean County, and is the best hotel property in the county. It will be sold at a reasonable price and good easy terms. Any one wishing to purchase a hotel property will do well to examine it. For any further information, call upon or address the proprietor.
WM. HASKELL.
Smethport, April 2, 1874.

Business Directory.

Byron D. Hamlin & Son.
LAW AND LAND OFFICE. Agency for Keating lands situated in the Counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Elk field.
Smethport, Pa.

S. D. Freeman,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SMETHPORT McKean county, Pa., will attend promptly to all calls in his profession.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Smethport, McKean county, Pa., will attend to calls in his profession.

R. H. Rose.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Office in the Court House.

D. V. Crossmire.
Resident Surgeon P. & E. R. R. Co.
16 Pearl St., Kane, Pa.
Prompt attendance given to all professional calls.

Barbus & Milliken.
ATTORNEYS & Counsellors at Law, Smethport, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care. Office on the stairs in Bartwell block, on Main street.
W. J. MILLIKEN. JOHN C. BARBUS.

P. Ford.
ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law and Collector of Internal Revenue for McKean, Elk and Cameron counties will give his attention to all matters pertaining to his profession in the above counties. Office, Ford Block, Church street, Smethport, Pa.

P. L. Webster
WOULD INFORM the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that he keeps ready for sale, soft and hard wood castings, etc., constantly on hand.

Bingham Estate.
ROBT. H. ROSE is authorized to receive money for sale; also applications to buy lands. He will give information generally, in any matters of this Estate, in McKean County. His office is in the Prothonotary's office in the Court House.
Wellsboro, Dec 24, 1873. ROBT. C. SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees.

J. E. Olds & Son,
HAVING made arrangements to carry on the TANNING BUSINESS on a more extended scale, would respectfully invite the citizens of McKean county to give them a call. CUSTOM WORK is made a specialty, and satisfaction guaranteed. Remember the place, three miles from Smethport, on the Olean and Farmers' Valley, Jan 11, 1872.

New Cabinet Shop.
THE undersigned takes this opportunity of informing the public that, having removed his Cabinet Shop two doors above the old stand,—opposite the dwelling house of Rev. Wolters—he is prepared to sell chairs of every description and Furniture of most every kind, and keeps constantly on hand a large supply of all articles of furniture, picture frames, &c., &c.
WM. SPICHT.
Smethport, Feb. 4, 1869.

New Paint Shop.
THE subscriber has opened a shop on Water street—near John S. Tyler's old blacksmith shop—and is now prepared to do all kinds of painting in the best possible style. Carriage painting, striping, house and sign painting and all other work in this line done in the best manner. The best of material used, and satisfaction guaranteed.
CARL SASSE.
Smethport, May 9, 1872.

M. L. Armstrong's
JEWELRY STORE,
No. 3, UNION BLOCK.

Where a large assortment of Watches and Chains are kept constantly on hand. Also a varied assortment of Jewelry of the latest styles and best finish, which he is selling at low cash prices. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Hints for the Agriculturist.

Horses should not be stinted in their feed. Work horses should be put out to pasture at night, but they should have their usual allowance of other feed. They have some lost flesh to make up. Scrape off the eggs of the bot-fly from their fore-legs and shoulders with a sharp knife, or wash them off with warm water every evening. These hours' rest at noon is not too much for the team while plowing. The time may be made up at morning and night. This arrangement is not a bad one for the driver as well. Give water often, and don't forget a handful of corn-meal stirred into it.

Colts may be taught to eat a little meal or bran, and to be handled freely. The gentlest possible treatment should be given to all young stock at this season, and careful attention.

Cows need extra feed, or they will falt off in milk. Corn, or other green fodder, should be given them daily in addition to their pasture. Carbolic soap-suds left to dry upon their legs, will keep flies at a distance. Three hours at noon in a cool, clean stable will be a grateful change for them from a hot, unshaded pasture.

Calves may be turned into a good clover after-math, or a wheat stubble, if the young clover is thrifty. Half an ounce of salt daily will prevent bloat. If they can get skimmed, or even sour milk, until six months old, they will be the better for it.

Lambs should now be weaned, the rams separated from the flock, and put on a field by themselves. A little extra feed may be given to the rams. The lambs should have a handful of mixed bean and oil-cake daily. They will be more contented if put in a field out of sight of the ewes. The ewes should be looked after daily, and those with full bags should be eased of a portion of the milk. This should be done every night, until they are dried off. Ewes, which are the best nurses, may be put with the rams for early lambs in January. Look out for ticks and the fly maggot in spots accidentally brushed, or where filth gathers. Tar smeared upon the noses will keep away the gadfly. Above all things, keep sheep out of wet, marshy pastures.

There is a critical time for hogs when cholera is frequent. Furnish those at pasture with shade and plenty of clean water. Give them a little salt (about an ounce) daily. Watch for the first sign of sleepiness and a desire to hide in quiet places by themselves. When this is seen, pen up the hog, and give four ounces of salt, and soft food with some linseed meal. Store hogs may be penned for fattening. One pound of corn now is worth two in November. Besides, every rod they run about uses up fat. Boars should be kept from the sows, unless pigs are wanted to come in December.

Vermin increase fast at this season. No fowls will thrive if kept in close, filthy quarters, where lice abound. A coat of hot lime-wash, with an ounce of carbolic acid dissolved in it, will free the roost from lice. Clear out all the droppings, and spread them evenly in the compost heap. As the old fowls get fat upon the stubbles and in the straw yard, they should be sold off or used in the kitchen. A stewed fowl is more wholesome food than dried pork at this season. To give fowls the run of the barn is a wasteful practice.

If there is no insurance upon the barn, one should be procured without delay. The vapor from a barnful of new hay or grain is one of the best conductors of lightning.

Bathe the whole body with cold water every night, and rub briskly with a dry towel. This brings refreshing sleep, and conduces to health. Give the men and boys a bucket, with soap and towels, that they may do the same. They will work the better for it.

Kitchen Garden.

Asparagus must not be neglected, as often happens, through the pressure of other work. If the bed is allowed to become weedy, the next year's crop will be injured. Hoe frequently to kill the weeds and keep the soil light.

Although rather late for a crop of beans, a few may be planted for late snaps or for salting. Keep the pole and bush sorts well hoed and weeded.

Hoe cabbages and cauliflowers frequently, and as often as possible, in the early morning when the dew is on. Apply liquid manure as often as convenient, it will help their growth wonderfully during this hot, dry month.

Cultivate carrots between the rows until the tops cover the ground; hand-weed the rows when the weeds appear. Thin out the late sowings.

Prepare the land, and set out celery the middle or last of this month, for winter use. The winter crop should be earthed up and the ground well cultivated.

In raising corn, keep the weeds down by cultivation and pull the large ones from the rows by hand. Cut off and burn all smutty ears. The stalks of earliest varieties, from which the ears have been picked, should be cut for fodder, and the ground sowed to late turnips.

Gather cucumbers for pickles every day; the small ones, not over two or three inches long, make the best pickles. The overgrown ones may be made into cucumber catsup, for winter use.

What the Birds Did.

Frederick II., of Prussia, was one day walking along the terrace at Sans Souci and noticed that his beautiful, large grapes were suffering severely under the appetites of the sparrows. Enraged at the impudent thieves, he offered a price for their heads, and in a few weeks there was not a single sparrow in the royal gardens. In the following year, however, not a single grape ripened, and the Prussian monarch found that as soon as the sparrows disappeared the grubs, caterpillars and moths began to pommalt their depredations cumulated, and the king found out that, although the sparrows were great thieves, their useful qualities far more than counterbalanced their bad ones. He repealed his former edict, and since that time sparrows and grapes have prospered abundantly at Sans Souci.

"Who asked if yer wanted anything?" said a Lowell peddler to a lady who said that she did not as soon as she opened the door. "Mind yer business, and don't refuse to buy till you are asked."

JOHN MORRISSEY'S HISTORY.

His Rise in the World, as Described by Himself.--Reminiscences of Fugitives.

I went down to John Morrissey's club house, says a reporter. He was at leisure and communicative. "I went to New York," he said, "a stout lad, determined to fight, and to fight the biggest man that could be found. There was nothing I could think of but to fight, and I had to think of that; for I was kicked ashore 'most every day from the boat of Capt. Smith, who is now my father-in-law. I had read of Hyer and Sullivan, and the great pugilists in New York, and one day I took my bundle and came to the city, determined to get a fight out of them. It was at the Empire Club, on Park Row, where I hunted them up. The first I saw was Isaiah Rynders, a famous political leader in them days, and I went up to him, surrounded by his crowd, and said: 'Mr. Rynders, I've come down here from Troy to fight. I've got no money, but I will fight for reputation. I will fight Mr. Hyer, or you, or anybody you can pick out.' They just all set on me at once, and gave me a beating that made my head ache for three weeks. After that I laid for them individually. Said I: 'Gentlemen, I will lick your crowd, and make you acknowledge me, if it takes me years.' I was poor as a wharf rat, and could barely pick up my food; but I kept on the wharves, unloading steamers, working with longshoremen, and getting beaten so often that I was hardly ever right well. As long as I was poor nobody would do me the favor to fight me in the ring, and I finally went to California in the mining times to make a stake. There I fought Thompson and whipped him, and I returned to New York with some reputation. The day I landed I challenged Hyer to fight for $10,000. He came round with Bill Poole to whip me before I got out of bed one morning, and I was so determined about it that they saw I would never leave New York till I had that belt. Finally, I fought Sullivan at Boston Corners—the hardest fight I ever had. He was an artist, and he broke my nose, and cut me all to pieces; but I have always known that I could keep my legs and stand up until any of my opponents were worn out. That was my calculation with Heenan; endurance against strength. Hyer I never could bring to the scratch. He had lost his moral force, and never would fight me. His friend Poole, as you know, set on me with a pack of his friends, and expected to bring me so near my end that I would lose stomach for a fair contest.

"Unable to get any of them to meet me, I married and went to business. All at once Heenan came from California with a reputation, and they said, 'Here is our man to give Morrissey a flogging at last.' I then declined to fight, until I was worried and set upon in and out of print, and finally they whipped my old father and abused my family. Said I to my wife: 'I can't live this way. I shall have to fight that man.' My wife said: 'Yes, you must fight him.' I went into training on my father-in-law's farm. Every effort was made to bring the whole sentiment of the United States up against me. You can't tell how many years and how much pain I have had to bear for that perfectly unjust odium of seeking to challenge an American as an Irishman. Mr. Heenan tied the American colors to the ropes, and his coat, when he took it off, was actually lined with the American flag. I had to laugh in his face. He broke my nose a second time, and I think he could strike the most powerful blow of any man I ever saw; but I won the battle and closed them out. I followed him to England to see the fight he had with Sayers; for by this time I was angry at years of persecution, and I wanted to see the last man of that old Hyer coterie closed out."

Then, the still powerful gladiator related how he came to play cards by profession. "A prize fighter," he said, "can graduate with no other avocation equal to his start. I have always played cards more or less. My general reputation among Americans, I felt, required me to do something to start my boy, for whose character I live at present in a great degree, and I chased up the seat in Congress, so as to be able to say: 'If your father did begin in the ring, he wrote "M. C." after his name.'"

A Sad Home.

In her evidence before the Beecher investigating committee, a question was asked relative to the trouble caused by a woman who visited Mr. Tilton's house. Mrs. Tilton, in reply to the question, told the following touching incident of her life: I think she hurt me more than any one in the world. She was more severe, and treated me with greater contempt than anybody else ever did, and to such an extent that I could not speak of it to my husband, as he never took any side; nor could I tell mother about it. I did not feel like revealing to her all this trouble and embarrassment and humiliation. I did not feel that there was a place for my head to lie down on in that house, and frequently I went out wandering in the streets. Night after night I walked, with my water-proof cloak on, and would go back and creep into the basement and lie down anywhere, feeling utterly wretched. Once I went away from home, thinking that I would not come back, but I found that I had left my purse at home, and had to return. Mr. Tilton owns a lot in Greenwood, and there I have two babies. I went there, with my water-proof cloak on, and with the hood over my head, and laid down on the two graves and felt peace. I had been there but a little while before the keeper of the grounds ordered me off. I paid no attention to him. I did not regard his order until he came again in a few moments and said: "I order you off these grounds; do you hear me?" I rose to my feet and said, "If there is one spot on earth that is mine, it is these two graves;" and he actually bowed down before me in apology. Though he was a common workman it was very hearty, and it was very grateful to me. He said, "I did not know that these were yours;" and he left me, and I stayed there on the little grave the rest of the day.

Q.—Were experiences of that character common during your suffering in consequence of Mr. Tilton's introducing other persons into your family, and in consequence of his treatment of you? A.—Yes; but no one ever knew of it, and I cannot endure to tell it now. At the same time I trust you will all think the matter well over, and use as little of it as you can.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

A scheme is on foot in Georgia, under the supervision of the Governor, for combining the various colleges in the State into a central university..... R. J. Robinson, of Decatur county, Ind., was nominated for Congress from the Fourth District of that State..... Rosa Bierman, aged 6 years, of Philadelphia, was kicked in the stomach by a child of her own age. She complained of pain, and the next day was put to bed. She lingered in great agony a day or two, when she died. Her physician says death was from peritonitis, the result of the injuries..... John Watson's paper mill in Northampton, Mass., was burned. Loss from $15,000 to $30,000..... The Attorney-General has decided that a United States Marshal having an attachment against goods for salvage is entitled to take the property attached into his custody, and hold it until it is disposed of by the court issuing the attachment..... The Associated Press dispatch says that the oldest printer in the State of New York died at Utica. Thomas Batchelor, of New York, is somewhat older, being in his seventy-seventh year, and has worked sixty-six consecutive years, and is still working at the case, and may be seen every day at his office at work, proving that the oldest printer is not dead..... A novel lawsuit is pending in Kerhonkson, N. Y. In April last James O. Schoonmaker made a written contract with Stephen J. Case, a tinsmith, as follows: If Case, within three months, would get married, Schoonmaker agreed to board him and his wife free for six months, and furnish them free an eight-dollar-a-day "rig," for three days, to make a wedding tour. If Case did not get married within that time he was to pay double board for six months and $24, the price of the "rig" for three days. The time was up on the 6th of July. Case was not married, and Schoonmaker demanded the terms of the contract. Case refused to live up to his agreement, and Schoonmaker sued him.

A *Courier-Journal* special dispatch says that a fight occurred at a small village in Clark county, Ky., on election day, in which two white men were killed, two negroes mortally wounded, and fifteen negroes more or less severely wounded. The fight began at the polls. The railroad companies have concluded to advance the fares west by the "emigrant trains" to the old rates, which are in most instances one hundred per cent., and to some points one hundred and fifty per cent. higher than the charges lately prevailing..... Mr. Disraeli said in the British House of Commons that, however tranquil may be the general state of Europe, there are agencies at work preparing a period of great disturbance ... By the burning of the steamer Pat Rogers one mile below Aurora, Ind., over twenty lives were lost, principally women. The fire caught in some bales of cotton which formed a part of the steamer's cargo, from sparks from the chimney, and the boat was burned to the water's edge. There were about one hundred people on the boat, and those lost were frightened and jumped overboard ... A terrible case of suicide was that of Henry Dean, at Jersey City. He was a member of a wealthy mercantile house, the cashier of which decamped with $125,000. Mr. Dean felt the loss severely, and going to Jersey City, he stood for a few minutes near the railroad track, then, throwing up his hands, sprang in front of the locomotive, which at this moment was dashing by. He was hurled a distance of thirty feet. When he rebounded upon the track the cowcatcher caught him and tore him to pieces along the ties between the rails. A more horrible sight was never witnessed. He weighed over 250 pounds, and over forty pieces of the body were gathered up ..... Work has commenced again at Hell Gate and is being pushed forward .... The East River Bridge prospects are again good, and work is going forward on it ... The growing crops in the South are in much better condition than they were last season this time.

The Black Hills Expedition.

This is the way we march, says a correspondent with Gen. Custer: Probably half a mile or more in front ride a dozen Indian scouts, who thoroughly beat over the ground, examining every ravine or depression of the ground, or rock, or clump of trees, or at the watercourses, keeping an attentive eye on the fords, or for Indian signs. Then comes General Custer, with the Santees and Arickarees, under Lieutenant G. D. Wallace, and the guides. The General is as theatrical as ever in the saddle, and carries his little blue and red pennon, destined to be planted on the summit of Bear Butte. After him comes the Gatling battery, Lieutenant Chance; then the wagon train, ambulances, and herd, Quartermaster A. E. Smith. Captain Sanger leads the infantry column behind this. On either flank, about eighty rods from the train, come the cavalry, the columns being led by Major George A. Forsythe and Major J. G. Tilford. Captain M. Moylan with a company of cavalry covers the rear and small scouting parties are thrown out on either flank, rendering it impossible that a surprise should be made. Scouting parties are on favorable occasions sent out two or three miles in advance or on either flank. It requires a special permit, very rarely given, to pass out of the line; and to do our civilians and scientists credit, they are most amenable to discipline in this direction. We have had but one scare thus far, when a mule—first homesick and subsequently repentant—stole out of the lines and then returned rather demonstratively, creating a sensation in camp till he was identified and anathematized *selon regle*.

A Chinese Newspaper.

A Chinese newspaper has lately been started in San Francisco. The *Bulletin* thus describes the first number: "The San Francisco *China News*, as the journal is entitled, appears in the *pen-tsan pun-sahl*, a written language of the Chinese, which is as prolix almost as the colloquial, and is delightfully flexible. The journal is composed of four pages, measuring eighteen by twenty-four inches each. The first page is devoted to an elaborate article on commercial matters, and the second page is given to the editorial department, advertisements, and the usual apologetic remarks. The editorials are addressed to the Chinese people of this city, and dwell upon the necessity for a Celestial organ in a country where Caucasian newspapers are abundant and sometimes influential. The feature of the editorial page is a review of the Beecher-Tilton scandal. The *News* regrets that in this enlightened age the high priest of a country in such close proximity to China should become the subject of evil report. The editor deduces a moral from the scandal, and in a paragraph replete with apposite expressions, warns his readers not to go back on their ancestors. The third and fourth pages are devoted to their China news. The price of the paper is ten cents.

The Great Danger of Ministers.

The New York *Observer*, a well-known religious journal, says: "The establishment of such relations between a pastor and his flock as shall secure for him that intimacy which ought to exist only in the domestic circle, is an evil of fearful tendency and unspeakable danger. Ministers are censurable in a high degree who encourage their people, men or women, to come to them with family matters or secret sores. Some men are themselves gossips, and delight to get and give all they can of social news, and the more secret the richer the prize. They encourage revelations when their ears should be deaf to everything approaching to scandal. All judicious pastors discourage familiarity on the part of their people, especially of the female denomination.

"For this way lies the danger. A silly woman, pious perhaps, but very soft and shallow, hears the stirring words of her eloquent pastor, is roused, warmed, soothed, exalted—she thinks edified—and straightway she believes him to be the man sent to do her good. She goes to his study to tell him so; how much enjoyment she finds in his words; or she writes him a letter about her gratitude for what her dear pastor has done for her; how she "is lifted up" by his instructions; how she loves him as a friend given to be her guide and comfort; and so on, and so on, more and worse, running into a mawkish sentimentality, a sickening man-worship, disgusting to every sensible person, but very nectar to a vain, worldly preacher, who seeks only to make his hearers "feel good." Such people never go to their pastor to ask "what they must do to be saved." It is to tell him how good they feel; how he is "exalting" them, "filling them with joy, peace, and love." We cannot go into particulars without offending the tastes of every reader. We make our meaning plain. We wish to be understood as saying that what wordly preachers and sentimental women call "communion of soul" and "kindred spirits," "mutual help" and "holy sympathy," and words in the same strain, is not religion—it is not even religious. It is of the earth earthly. It is "carnal nature conceived in sin." It is simply the lower nature, the human passion of one creature toward another. God is not in it.

The Rattlesnake's Enemy.

Of all enemies with which the rattlesnake has to contend, except man, the hog is the most destructive. An old sow with a litter of pigs to provide for will hunt for reptiles with a perseverance and sagacity truly astonishing, tracking them by their scent to their hiding-places and never letting them escape.

In the West, in early times and now throughout the country, if rattlesnakes become troublesome in any locality, a drove of hogs are turned into their haunts and the snakes soon disappear. The hog, when it sees a rattlesnake, instantly erects its bristles and back, and commences rattling its tusks. The snake accepts the challenge and prepares for defence.

The hog seems to understand what parts of its body are invulnerable to poison, so it gets down upon its knees, and in this awkward position deliberately crawls, by a sideling motion, up to the enemy.

The snake darts forward and the hog dexterously catches the fangs in the fat of the jaws—the blow is repeated, and the hog having been omitted on one cheek, deliberately turns the other. This the animal continues to do until the snake has not only exhausted for time being its poison, but also its strength.

The hog then deliberately rises from its knees, and now regardless of consequences, seizes the serpent near the head, and putting its forefoot upon its squirming body, rips the reptile through its teeth, and thus tears it to pieces. If the hog, as is sometimes the case, happens to be very lean, and the poison fangs thereby strike circulation, it will die from the wound, but the conjunction rarely take place.

A Physician who Healed Himself.

If a railroad director were lashed to every locomotive, there would be fewer railroad accidents, and if doctors had to take their own physic before administering it to their patients, fewer people would be poisoned. Dr. Joseph Walker, of California, took this course when he first compounded the famous Vinegar Bitters, which now rank as an inestimable household remedy in all parts of the United States. He healed himself with this specific before he offered it to the world. He introduced it with a simple statement of the manner in which he had discovered its vegetable ingredients, and been cured, while, wandering, sick and poor, among the California tribes. He stated what the preparation had done for himself, and a few sufferers from dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, lung diseases, and many other prevalent disorders, believed him, tried the new restorative, and were more than satisfied with the results. In this way the sale of the Vinegar Bitters began, and we mention the fact as an evidence that in this age of intelligence and inquiry, nothing that is really valuable to mankind can prove a pecuniary failure—even though it may lack the help of capital, and have to fight its way against powerful opposing interests. Within two or three months after its introduction, the article became self-supporting, and it now yields a magnificent annual revenue.—*Com.*

The heat of summer, as well as the sudden changes of temperature incident to autumn, coupled with the use of unripe vegetables and fruits and other unwholesome articles of food, result every season in producing much suffering from Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic and other derangements of the stomach and bowels. A remedy that will promptly relieve these sufferings and restore tone and normal action to the relaxed and debilitated alimentary canal, is surely a boon to the afflicted. Dr. R. V. Pierce, whose Family Medicines have acquired a world-wide reputation, by long study and careful chemical experiments has succeeded in extracting, by a cold process, from Smart-Weed or Water Pepper, (that modest little plant seen in wet grounds by the roadside and in neglected grounds and pasture fields) a remedial principle which, when skillfully combined with the extract of Jamaica Ginger and other pleasant modifying agents, in what he calls his Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, forms a most reliable specific for all such derangements and sufferings. It is pleasant and safe to take, yet powerful to cure. Its wonderful efficacy is a further confirmation of the Doctor's idea that God has caused to grow, in each climate and region, those medicinal plants best calculated for the cure of the diseases that prevail in the section of country where those plants are found—that "the leaves were for the healing of the nations," and that the fewer far-fetched remedies we employ the better, if we would thoroughly investigate and understand those we have at home. The Doctor's Extract of Smart-Weed is sold by druggists generally.—*Com.*

Forney's Press maintains that at weddings the minister should no longer be allowed to kiss the bride.

Good advice never comes amiss. If they have not got the Elmwood Collar at the store where you are in the habit of purchasing your goods, tell them to get some for you at once, and don't be put off with any other goods.—*Com.*

Not Quite So Fast, Mr. Jones!—A horse-doctor in Philadelphia was caught changing the celebrated *Mexican Mustang Liniment* into other bottles, and using it as his own recipe. Honesty is always the best policy. These medicine men like to follow up such fellows. It cured the lame horse all the same, but it damaged the Doctor's reputation, and benefitted the proprietor in proportion. We have heard of as many Rheumatic horses and lame horses being cured by the *Mustang Liniment* that we advise every housekeeper, liveryman and planter to invest in a 50 ct. or $1.00 bottle, against accident. Beware of counterfeits. It is wrapped in a steel engraving, signed "G. W. Westbrook, Chemist."

The Ladies' Sorosis Club, of New York, recently changed their discussions from Woman's suffrage to Hair preparations and Pimple Banishers. They declared that where nature had not endowed them with beauty, it was their rights, their duty—to seek it where they could. So they voted that *Magnolia Balm* overcame Sallowness, Rough Skin and Blemishes, and gave to the complexion a most *distingue* (Sorosian) and marble-like appearance (dangerous to men, no doubt); and that *Lyon's Kathairon* made the hair grow thick, soft and awful pretty, and moreover prevented it from turning gray. If the proprietors of these articles did not send the sisters an invoice they are not smart.

The Grand Revolution in Medical Treatment, which was commenced in 1860, is still in progress. Nothing can stop it, for it is founded on the principle, now universally acknowledged, that physical vigor is the most formidable antagonist of all human ailments, and experience has shown that PLANTATION BITTERS is a peerless invigorant, as well as the best possible safeguard against epidemic diseases.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.

Beef Cattle—Prime to Extra	$ .10	a	.12¾
Common to good Texans	.07¾	a	.09
Inferior Texans	.07¼	a	.08½
Sheep	50.00	a	75.00
Hogs—Live	.05¾	a	.06¾
Dressed	.05¾	a	.07
Sheep	.05	a	.06
Cotton—Middling	.17¾	a	.17¾
Flour—Extra Western	6 50	a	6 85
State Extra	6 35	a	6 75
Wheat—Red Western	1.31	a	1.32
No. 2 Spring	1.23	a	1.24
Rye	.95	a	.95
Barley—Malt	1 68	a	1.68
Oats—Mixed Western	.55	a	.56
Corn—Mixed Western	.81¾	a	.82
Hay—per ton	14 00	a	20 00
Straw—per ton	68.00	a	85 00
Hops	68	a	.10
Pork—Mess	22 00	a	22 12½
Lard	.14¾	a	.14¾
Petroleum—Crude	.6¾	a	.6
Butter—State	Rejected		12¾
Ohio Prime	33	a	.35
Ohio Fine	.25	a	.27
Yellow	.20	a	.23
Western Ordinary	.17	a	.19
Pennsylvania fine	.20	a	.22
Cheese—State Factory	.19¾	a	.19¾
" Skimmed	.14	a	.15¾
Ohio	.11½	a	.12
Eggs—State	.19	a	.20

ALBANY.

Wheat	1.55	a	1.55
Rye—State	1.12	a	1.12
Corn—Mixed	1.80	a	1.80
Barley—State	1.50	a	1.80
Oats—State	.72	a	.90

BUFFALO.

Flour	6.00	a	7.80
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	1.23½	a	1.24
Corn	.74	a	.75
Oats	.53	a	.53
Rye	1.05	a	1.05
Barley	1.99	a	2.00
Lard	.11	a	.11¾

BALTIMORE.

Cotton—Low Middlings	.16	a	.16¾
Flour—Extra	7.75	a	7.90
Wheat—Western Red	1.27	a	1.30
Corn—Western Yellow	.83	a	.84
Oats	.54	a	.54

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Penn. Extra	6 25	a	7.75
Wheat—Western Red	1.25	a	1.30
Corn—Yellow	.83	a	.84
Mixed	.82½	a	.84
Petroleum—Crude	.08¾	a	.7 9
	Bonned		12¾

TEAS—The choicest in the world—Importers' prices—largest Company in America—staple article—pleases everybody—Trade continually increasing—Agents wanted everywhere—best inducements—circulars free—send for Circular to ROBERT WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1287.

Why Walk 100 Miles?

The only Harrow fit for Sod and the best in use to prepare land for seeding. Going twice the work of a Drag with less labor. Saves time, money and shoe leather. In *simple, durable, low priced* and *warranted*. Circulars free. Address EXCELSIOR WORKS, Massillon, Ohio.

BECKWITH $20.

Portable Family Sewing Machine,
THE MOST
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of any in the market. Makes the Most Durable Stitch, with Strength, Capacity, and Speed. Equal to any, regardless of cost.
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WAUKESHA WATER,
MINERAL ROCK SPRING,
CURES
Dropsy, Diabetes,
Gravel, Dyspepsia,
Constipation, Jaundice,
Bright's Disease,
And all diseases of the liver and kidneys. This water is now known and sold as a remedy for the above diseases in all parts of the world. It is truly wonderful what effect it has upon the kidney system. It is now being shipped as the following prices:
Barrel, 40 gal., $12; half do. $7; demijohn and jugs, 50 cents per gal.; package extra; bottles (qts.) $6.50 per dozen. Money must accompany the order, sent to our regular authorized agent. Inquire of your Druggist for Waukesha Mineral Rock Spring Water. Address C. H. Clarke, Waukesha, Wis., for orders for the Water or for Circulars.

MORE TESTIMONY.

Letter from Judge Hiram Barber.

HORICON, Wis., July 7, 1873.

MR. C. C. CLEE, Waukesha, Wis.:—Dear Sir—Inclosed please find $1.25 for five gallons of Mineral Rock Spring Water—can send to-day by express.

I am much pleased with the results from the use of your Spring Water. I have used for the last two years other waters, but have never received from the use of others as decided results as from the use of that you are using. It may be owing to other causes operating at the same time, which has aided in the favorable results from the use of yours; still I am not aware of any, as my habits have been the same, making use of no drugs or other medical treatment.
Yours, H. BARBER.

HAT CREEK, July 6, 1874.

C. C. CLEE & Co.:—Gents—This is to certify that I have used the Waukesha Mineral Rock Spring Water for the last six or eight months for kidney trouble. I was troubled with the kidney and liver disease, and the water has helped me so wonderfully, in both of the diseases. My digestion has also greatly improved. I now feel that the water has been a great benefit in more ways than one. If I continue to use the water, I am confident that it will effect a permanent cure. Therefore ship me to this city another half barrel of the water at once. Respectfully yours,
CHARLES J. SMITH.

MANHATTAN, Kansas, July 6, 1874.

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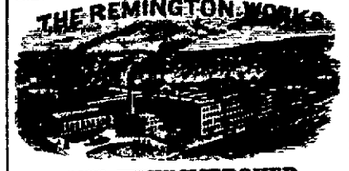

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